

SAMARA

1923



SUCCESS IS NOT THE END OF OUR FIGHT

—Browning

SAMARA

JUNE, 1953



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



MRS. W. E. GRAHAM
Headmistress

Dear Elmwoodians, Past and Present:

Last year I promised that we should give you as full an account as possible of Old Girls' activities; therefore, during this winter my leisure hours, (or should I more truthfully say minutes?), have been devoted to writing and reading letters from you. As most of you know, we sent out a circular letter to as many of you as we could reach and the response was wonderful. I shall eventually answer everyone who wrote to me. Meanwhile there is a fine fat packet of Old Girls' News as a supplement to the 1953 Samara. We have a fairly complete file of addresses and should be delighted to hand on any.

This winter's labours have given me a real insight into what Elmwood means to so many of you and has deepened my affection and loyalty for the school. As I sit in my office and look at the elms, just coming into leaf in one of the most beautiful springs I can remember, I think of all the happy memories the Old Girls must have, and the present girls will have, of the lovely grounds and buildings here: your first sight of the gracious friendly front hall, the pretty coloured chintzes of your bedrooms, the crunch of snow under your skis as you made off to the park after school are a few among very many.

Our lovely buildings and surroundings, however, although they mean so much to all of us, are only part of Elmwood. Your memories must be mostly of the people you knew here. The girls are the life-blood of the school. What you were at Elmwood, your friendships, ideals, triumphs, the funny things that happened, the mosquitoes that bit you on Sports Day, even your mistakes, made up the school as it is now. In fact, the things that go wrong at school are often the most valuable experiences, since, as the present girls have heard me say so often: we learn most by our mistakes. The girls, past, present and future, are the enduring stuff of a school; and after spending so much of my thought among you, I feel honoured to be a part of it.

The best changes and developments are built up on the solid foundations of the past. We have a good past; let us look forward to a splendid future in which we may all have a share.

Yours affectionately,

Emily Graham

Editorial

THIS is the second Spring that Mrs. Graham has been headmistress of Elmwood. The editors are most happy to dedicate this edition of *Samara* to her. Mrs. Graham seems to have time for all of us — from the smallest junior to the oldest senior; she is always ready to hear the little girls' jokes and the seniors' problems. Mrs. Graham has made herself an integral part of the school and has the great admiration and affection of all the girls.

Samara this year has a supplement which pertains only to Old Girls' activities. Mrs. Graham has put a great deal of time into finding out about all the former Elmwoodians, and the things they have been doing since they left the School.

This has been a very good year at Elmwood. We have had a large school and a happy one. House activities, sports, dramatics, dances, and a bazaar all had their part. We even managed to fit in the inevitable lessons!

When we seniors look back on the years we have spent at Elmwood, it seems a long time since we were juniors, sitting in the front row in Prayers, and being last on the roll call; but the school has not really changed. The same high ideals are before us, and we are still a large group of girls living and growing up together in the same traditions as the Elmwood girls of twenty years ago.

A few days ago Queen Elizabeth II was crowned and a new Elizabethan Age is in progress. What will it bring to us, and, more important, what can we give to it? Will it be an age of discovery as the first Elizabethan era was? New sciences, new hopes, and new worlds of art and literature still remain to be conquered. Let our aim be to do our part in this brave new adventure.

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The magazine staff wish to thank most sincerely all those, both Elmwoodians and advertisers, who have made this magazine possible.

Head Girl and Prefects

Sandra McKee:

*"She is little, but she is wise;
She is a terror for her size"*

"Sandy" is this year our long-suffering head girl. She has been with us for six years and since this is the last, she is making the most of it in every way.

Amongst her numerous accomplishments, she is most noted for her singing. Sandra can boast of being one of the choir's original members and soloist for the past two years. To this one might add that one could find her almost anywhere just by listening for her squeak which tries to drown out the tumult in the various noisy places in the school. One might also find her sweeping the side-walk of pepsi bottle remains, or scrubbing the bath tubs in the boarding school.

Although Sandra is a social kind (her debutante party one evidence of this), her spare time is mostly occupied with talking on the phone to "Rick". Still she has done a wonderful job in keeping the school in order and, at the same time, happy. Next year finds Sandra at Carleton College (I wonder why!). Whether you are there or not, Sandra, we wish you the best of luck in the future.



Margaret Boehm:

"If music be the food of love — play on."

"Bemo" is head of Nightingale, one of the two girls in 6 Upper, and a prefect. She is an enthusiastic skier, an enthusiastic tennis player and an enthusiastic canoer; in fact, she is quite-well-enthusiastic!

This year Boehm has played the hymns in morning prayers and although she keeps track of the hymn book she has to be supplied with Bibles. Not long ago a little bundle of joy (a car licence) arrived at the Boehm household and Bemo often traverses (?) Ottawa in the car. Actually, she drives very well.

Next year, after five years at school here, Margie will have crossed to England. We wish England the best of luck!



Shelagh Macoun:

"Up, up, my friend and quit your books!"

Shelagh, or should we use her preferred name of "Macoundog", has completed her final and fifth year at Elmwood. She was Keller's honorary head this year and was of great assistance to Jennifer. We should not comment on her knowledge of classical music — as this is already known — but, really, we are still trying to stump her on a question concerning the old masters and their works. This year Shelagh hasn't participated in sports to the extent of her former years as she was recuperating from an operation, but with all the previous awards, why should she? As a supporter of the choir when it first originated, she is still a member and with that strong deep voice upholds the alto section. We wish her all the best of luck when she enters Carleton College.



Prefect and House Seniors



Catherine Prudham:

"Better late than never — better dead than late".

Our Prudy hails from the West and this year along with "Boehmo" worked to achieve her senior matric. One probably will not remember Cathy by her scholastic standing, but when it comes to sports she is up front. She served as a main forward on the school senior basketball team, excelled in skiing, upheld her position in badminton, and now is practising vigorously for Sports Day. Yes, Cathy certainly is the hardy type and maybe even a little arty. We all know of her partiality for the latest fashions and although she is one of us in a tunic, we must admit she stands out in the newest style. Now, if you see a blue Pontiac "flying low" around a corner, it's just Cathy who, living "away out" near Dow's Lake, has little time to travel that great distance to Rockcliffe Park so just clear the way! We say goodbye to Cathy this year and, although she is uncertain of plans for next year, we hope she remains in Ottawa.



Jo-Anne Davis:

*"Her voice was ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in woman".*

Jo is a house senior in Nightingale, has a posture girdle and is the proud wearer of the Philpot Token. She is a wonderful rider, swims and is taking up golf. Among her school enthusiasms are typing, and chess with Shelagh Macoun. She is also one of our best actresses and achieved a memorable Southern accent in her portrayal of "Dora" in the Ashbury-Elmwood play. She is also the dependable Senior Librarian.

Jo-Anne has two pet aversions, one which nobody can fathom. She actually dislikes noise, and untidiness too. Next year Jo-Anne is going to Carleton to continue chess with Shelagh, among other things. Best of luck, Jo!



Marianne Lovink:

*"Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides!"*

Marianne took over the Fry House this year in a very efficient manner on which she needs to be congratulated. She is our only representative from the Netherlands and if we are to judge all the little girls with the wooden shoes by her, we would think of a great group of happy, fun-loving friends. If the garret is empty, one would no doubt find Marianne, pen in hand, composing her latest poem. In fact, we aren't sure, but many of us are of the opinion that is where she was when eight of us arrived on her birthday, saying we had come for dinner. Poor "Skiminky" (compliments of Jane) has not recuperated from that unexpected occasion as yet.

House Seniors and Monitors



Josephine Stone:

*"Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat —
And therefore let's be merry!"*

Josephine, commonly known as "Jo" was made monitor at the beginning of this year and now acts as a first-class house senior. She also left 5B and "jumped" to 6M with such an unperturbed manner that we would say she has done much in many fields. Her basketball talent also flourished this year and she played guard on the senior school team. But Jo has something that is rather rare — a personal vocabulary. Goodness knows how many verbs have been of her construction and to the ordinary ones she has added an "O". Nevertheless we credit ourselves with excellent translation. We hope Venezuela will not keep Josephine home, as we are looking forward to her return in September.



Jennifer Woolcombe:

"E'en though vanquished, she could argue still"

Jenny has just completed a busy and prosperous year as head of Keller — she is also managing editor of our magazine. We can usually find her in the cloakroom trying to shove unwilling intermediates outside, or in the dining room trying to keep them quiet before dinner. She is always willing to lend a helping hand with any school activity—from turning the skipping rope for the juniors (although she gets her turn) to portraying the unforgettable "Miriam" in our Ashbury-Elmwood play *Dear Ruth*. But of all her accomplishments this year, driving seems to be the most successful — she even chose her own instructor! And, again, she made the school basketball team as well as keeping that high academic average. Jennifer is joining us again next year, and we know it will be as successful as the former years.



MONITORS



FRY HOUSE



KELLER HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

Fry House Notes

THIS year, we have been very happy to add six new names to our list of members.

They were: Lorna Travaglini, Margaret Dickson, Tina Tarantour, Frances Cabeldu, Sandra Graham and Mickey Manion. They have shown themselves to be full of the good competitive spirit that builds a house.

Although we did not quite succeed in winning the houseplays, *The Ghost Story* did accomplish our real aim: to entertain the audience in every possible way. But we were not very lucky in the house collections, and only managed a close third.

It was in the sports field, however, that we did justice to our house. We won both the senior basketball and the senior volleyball. And although we came second in the senior badminton singles and third in the doubles, we claim first place in both junior singles and junior doubles.

Senior Basketball

Forwards: Lorna Travaglini, Susan Richardson, Sally Wright, Janet Hanson, Nancy Perry.

Guards: Marianne Lovink, Janet Chapman, Lambie Stevens

Junior Basketball

Forwards: Betsy-Jane Davis, Sandra Graham, Frances Cabeldu, Tina Tarantour
Guards: Beverley Brown, Cicely Dunn, Margaret Dickson.

Senior Badminton

Singles: Marianne Lovink
Doubles: Marianne Lovink, Janet Hanson

Junior Badminton

Singles: Sally Wright
Doubles: Sally Wright, Susan Richardson

House Members

House Senior — Head of House: Marianne Lovink
Monitors: Janet Hanson, Janet Chapman, Lorna Travaglini

Staff

Miss Leonard, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. English, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Hyndman

House

Susan Brain, Beverley Brown, Frances Cabeldu, Betsy-Jane Davis, Margaret Dickson, Cicely Dunn, Sandra Graham, Naz. Ikramullah, Olga Kingsmill, Nancy Perry, Susan Richardson, Lambie Stevens, Tina Tarantour, Sally Wright, Mickey Manion.

Keller House Notes

WHEN we returned in the fall most of our seniors of last year had left but we welcomed nine new members in their places. We are also glad to have Miss MacCallum in Keller.

For weeks before the House Collections we were seldom seen without knitting needles. We produced a fine showing but unfortunately Nightingale's was just a little bigger and better.

Meg Reynolds was Sports Captain, but owing

to no fault of hers, we have not as yet excelled in the sports world. Jane Mulholland and Sheila McCormick won the Senior badminton. We still have great hope for Sports Day.

Our house play, *The Golden Doom*, was excellently worked out and well received.

I would like to thank all the girls in Keller for working so hard and so well together, and for making this year such a happy one for all of us.

House Members

Staff: Miss Adams, Miss Gooderham, Miss MacCallum, Mme. Krupka, Mrs. Micklejohn.

Girls

Jennifer Woollcombe—Head of House, House Senior

Shelagh Macoun—Prefect

Meg Reynolds—House Sports Captain

Jane Mulholland, Salma Ikramullah, Joan Fagan—monitors

Marlene Amber, Joan Campbell, Mary Fisher-Rowe, Sheila McCormick, Audrey Ashbourne, Lynne Gordon, Carolyn Bruce, Sonia Tarantour, Barbara Webster, Myrna Badham, Judy Kleinhans, Rosemary Findlay

Senior Basketball

Forwards: Jennifer Woollcombe, Sheila McCormick, Joan Fagan, Sonia Tarantour.
Guards: Jane Mulholland, Meg Reynolds, Joan Campbell

Junior Basketball

Forwards: Rosemary Findlay, Carolyn Bruce, Sonia Tarantour, Barbara Webster
Guards: Myrna Badham, Mary Fisher-Rowe, Judy Kleinhans

Senior Badminton

Jane Mulholland, Sheila McCormick

Junior Badminton

Sonia Tarantour, Carolyn Bruce

Nightingale House Notes

IN September of this year one member of the staff and five students were added to the enrolment of Nightingale House: Miss Kaye, a member of the staff, and Esther Prudham, Nadira Masood, Susannah Clarke, Elizabeth Richardson and Linda Carnell from the school have all made great contributions to the spirit of the House.

During the fall term we were awarded first place in the House Collections. We also came first in *The Royal Touch* in which our members gave most gratifying performances.

In the winter term, our juniors captured the Junior Basketball award — thanks to the capable management of Joan Maynard, the Sports Captain. Our House was also represented in the finals of the Senior Badminton doubles.

As Head of the House, I should like to express my thanks to all the girls who have helped to uphold the tradition of Nightingale House.

House Members

Head of House — Prefect: Margaret Boehm

Head Girl: Sandra McKee

Prefect: Catherine Prudham

House Senior: Jo-Anne Davis

House Senior: Josephine Stone

Monitor: Annika Book

Sports Captain: Joan Maynard

Staff Members

Miss Shand, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mrs. McAulay, Miss Robinson

House

Bobby Bradshaw, Vicky Brain, Linda Carnell, Susannah Clarke, Judy Ewing, Margo Freiman, Sue Hislop, Nadira Masood, Esther Prudham, Elizabeth Richardson, Virginia Shurly, Frances Wood.

Senior Basketball

Forwards: Margaret Boehm, Jo-Anne Davis, Catherine Prudham, Virginia Shurly
Guards: Annika Book, Joan Maynard, Josephine Stone, Frances Wood.

Junior Basketball

Forwards: Elizabeth Richardson, Marianne Merry, Susannah Clarke
Guards: Margo Freiman, Judy Ewing, Vicky Brain, Sue Hislop

Betty Carter

Elmwood 1923 - 1929

The news of Betty Carter's serious illness last December came as a tremendous shock to all her friends. We had never associated Betty with illness; she always seemed the embodiment of health. The picture of her buoyant figure on the tennis courts, where she played championship games; seeing her pass by the school in her neat little Chevrolet with a gay smile and a wave of her hand or erect and determined in the uniform of a major in the Canadian Women's Army Corps, all this was part of the Betty we knew: but Betty in the hospital and the daily bulletins growing less and less encouraging, this seemed incredible. The end came on Saturday, February 14 and we were left bewildered.

Betty Carter came to Elmwood in 1923, a keen and equiring young student. She left in 1929, a Prefect and Head Girl of two years' standing with her name on the Summa Summarum Board. She had a high scholastic record culminating in Honour Matriculation, while as a forceful member of Fry House she entered with zest into all general school activities. Always a sports enthusiast, she excelled in this regard, and in addition to her prowess exerted a valuable influence on the games field by her own high sense of sportsmanship.

We recall how at school Betty often deplored the unruliness of her curly auburn hair, which we secretly admired, and we could not understand why she worried because she could do it only in one way, when that way was so obviously attractive. Then there was her ever ready smile and an innate courtesy and friendliness, symbols of her warmth of heart; while in her eyes, with their clear straight look, was mirrored the integrity of her spirit. These are the things we shall remember of her.

On leaving Elmwood, Betty entered the University of Toronto from where she graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Her first post was with The Royal Commission on Financial Relations between the Federal Government and The Maritime Provinces. Later she became a Statistical Research clerk with the Bank of Canada. After the outbreak of war, Betty served with the Ottawa Detachment of the Administrative Section of the Red Cross. In 1941 she enlisted in the C.W.A.C., becoming one of its original officers. We were not surprised when promotion after promotion came to her. Posted to England in 1942, she later commanded the whole of the London area of the C.W.A.C., and finally, holding the rank of Major, she was in 1944 named to perform the duties of General Staff Officer Grade II with the Directorate of Military Training in Canada.

In spite of her busy life, Betty continued to participate in sports whenever possible. She was a club champion of the Rockcliffe Tennis Club and a Gatineau Ski Zone Champion. Figure skating and golf also claimed her interest. In tennis circles she will be greatly missed, not only by her friends among the members of the Rockcliffe Tennis Club, but also by Club officials and attendants who speak with warm affection of the valuable part she took in all Club activities, not least of which was the time she gave in helping and encouraging the very juniors whom she regarded in a real sense as her friends. Only last summer, when far from well, Betty Carter won the Ladies' Singles Championship of the Rockcliffe Tennis Club.

Betty Carter was the kind of pupil a school is proud to have, the kind of Old Girl of whom it is equally proud. Life was wonderful to her because of the way she lived it, and she gave richly and unsparingly of herself to make life finer for those about her. She had that true sense of values which recognized what was important and what was unimportant only possible to those possessed of great strength of character. This quality was in turn a source of strength to others, particularly to her friends. All her days she had an abiding loyalty to the 'better things' and we are the poorer for losing her from our midst.

E. B. B.

Form Notes

6 Matric

Here is something on the rest of 6 Matric.:

Salma Ikramullah is an excessively energetic form captain and competent monitor who never allows untidy books or arguments to escape her notice.

Lorna Travaglini — a musician and also a monitor — has studied this year the biographies of many interesting people such as Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and last, but not least, Minnes the Menace.

Annika Böök — another efficient monitor, is the lucky possessor of a subtle sense of humour which is very helpful in enduring the high spirits of her less reserved comrades who much regret her probable return to Sweden this summer.

Margie Dickson — has the enviable characteristic of ignoring any distraction from her work. She is comparatively unknown in the school but her apparent quietness is probably deceptive.

Jane Mulholland — seldom seen without Josephine. One of the more brilliant members of our illustrious form, Jane is doing very well in spite of the fact that she skipped 5A. She can usually be found carrying on an impossible argument with someone who is foolish enough to become involved.

Miss Leonard — the 6 Matric Form mistress — has violent aversions to people on desks and the use of poetry for punishments. We are sorry that she is leaving next year, but we feel that her extensive knowledge should not be confined to one place.

5 A

Come into our classroom — if you dare! We're the notorious 5 A who occupy the spacious and beautiful new wing. We must boast of being the largest class in the school, with our fifteen members and if you believe that "variety is the spice of life", you have arrived at the right room.

Meg Reynolds is our form captain who

seems to spend most of her time stuffing loose papers in her bulging binder and politely (?) asking the class to sit down between classes, stand up for classes and tidy up after classes. Janet Chapman sits behind her with a jar full of pencils and a carton of books; for some peculiar reason she tries to study. This is rather impossible due to the fact that Janet Hanson and Joan Maynard have established themselves behind her with the latest jokes. But these two are readily excused because without our two comedians, 5A would lose all life. Virginia Shurly, the class mathematician is tutoring Bobby Bradshaw and Nancy Perry in some unconquerable algebra and, although they begin to understand, Bobby still insists on knowing why it works "that" way. Our industrious Sheila McCormick is curled up in the front seat working on one of her numerous school projects; we are still trying to see how she participates in all extra-curricular activities and at the same time gets her homework done. It is a peculiar day when Joan Fagan has not a new novel to plunge into. And it's still more amazing how many chapters she can cover in a day — when she has not one spare. Nadira Masood, who comes from Pakistan, can floor anyone with tongue twisters in her native language and Lambie Steven helps us with many English derivatives from Greek. Our Latin enthusiast is Olga Kingsmill and, if there's a spare moment, Olga will be seen peering at the latest Latin vocabulary along with "Fish" or should we say Mary Fisher-Rowe. Marlene Anber is our industrious member when it comes to homework and organizing the school library in such an efficient manner.

And this is a familiar scene every morning: It is our form mistress Madame Krupka ascending the stairs, followed by Joan Campbell who regularly brings Madame's books for her. We would all like to thank Madame for the patience and kindness with which she guided 5A throughout the year.

V B

I am Judy Ewing, reporter for the Detroit News, commenting on the doings of our good neighbours to the North.

It is a hot Spring day in Ottawa as I sit here in Parliament. They have certainly made progress in the last quarter of a century in having so many women in the government. I am watching Prime Minister Beverly Brown arguing the subject of "the school system" with the leader of the opposition, the Hon. Susan Brain.

Miss Brown is arguing that the Latin being taught in the high schools of to-day is far too hard. She declares it is even harder than when she was in school and, to her, that was plenty hard enough, for we find after reading some of Miss Brown's grade ten translations, "Rome fiddled while Nero burned!"

Miss Brain, the opposition leader and also the famous designer of that all-purpose suit with the hot and cold running water, who is a direct descendant of a Latin teacher, proclaims this is all stuff and nonsense.

Miss Margo Freiman, the noted orator whose heated debates have changed many a Conservative to a Liberal, now has the floor (and probably will have for a few hours to come) and is backing the Prime Minister.

As I look around me I notice the well known Pakistan diplomat and noted artist, Miss Naz Ikramullah, listening attentively to the windy rebuttal of Miss Freiman.

As I came in I happened to see the former Miss Fran. Wood, now married to the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. and residing in Maple Creek, Sask., inspecting the "Mounties" on Parliament Hill with her husband. My former classmates have certainly come a long way in the past twenty years.

Enough for the noted people present and back to the debate. Miss Mickey Manion, a Quebec Member, has the floor and in her best Parisien-English is adding her opinion. Miss Manion has been known to change her party every election due to her time spent in Paris.

Susan Richardson, the wealthiest girl page-boy in the House because of her dabbings in

the Toronto Stock Exchange, is being called by Miss Audrey Ashbourne who has succeeded her father as a member for Labrador.

Miss Sally Wright, columnist for an Ottawa paper, is sneaking in late, tennis racquet in hand, just in time for a little news for her column *Parliament at a Glance*, which is about all she takes after spending most of her time on the tennis courts.

The debate for to-day has ended and Mrs. Bruce, Speaker of the House, looking slightly bored, adjourns the Session for the day.

V C

As you enter our distinctive circus you will be introduced to the various performers, so prepare yourself!

I'll begin with the ringmaster, F. Maxwell, who came to manage us just last season; she has done a wonderful job and a difficult one.

Then we meet Andy Rowley, chief lion trainer, who during the season has put her head in eleven different lions' mouths!

A voice ringing through the air tells us barker Sue Hislop is vocalizing. A New Zealander, she was given the job because of her excellent vocal and persuasive abilities.

The next to greet us is Bet Davis, clown, who is never without some amazingly apt remark and always keeps the rehearsals going. As a sideline, she is the assistant lion trainer, and hurtling through the air we see Lynne Gordon, trapeze artist, who at the beginning of the season swung all the way from Jamaica to be with us. Because of her vocation she always gets around!

The strain of a waltz proclaims the arrival of Cis Dunn, bare back dancer and news agent. If you're behind in any news, world, local or sporting, just let her know and she'll bring you up to date in a second.

Outside another tent a brilliant poster tells of "Siamese Twins, only ones of their kind". The last is certainly true; there have never been two more inseparable people (we hope!) than Barb Webster and Myrna Badham, who are always seen together and confused.

As the sound of "Home, home on the range" greets our new battered eardrums, Esther Prudham (of the Roaring Rodeo Act) saunters up and greets us with "Howdy, Pardnuh". She hails from Edmonton and arrived just after Christmas for her novelty act.

An eerie noise (silence!) assails us and we see Marianne Merry training her arctic seals. After diligent application, Mel has coaxed the animals into playing "Sweet Adeline" with accompanying sounds (flapping flippers).

As a black tent burns our eyeballs, we meet Sonia Tarantour, palmist, magician, and dreamer. *No-one* has yet discovered where Sonia travels at rehearsals, but it must be far away because it takes a long time to call her back. She is also our artist and paints all our lively posters that you see.

The last of our weirdly assorted troupe is Carolyn Bruce; although she came to us but recently, Carolyn has been promoted to chief elephant waterer . . . oh well, they say Barnum and Bailey were elephant tenders, so, who can tell?

Now you have been introduced to all our troupe so I hope it has satisfied your curiosity for another year, or at least until the next magazine report is due.

Editor's Note: The above is the work of Vicky Brain, the clever public relations expert for the V C Circus.

Upper 4B and 4A

As you walk down the hall towards Upper 4B and 4A Classroom, you can hear a blood-curdling scream and you wonder why.

Susannah Clarke comes stamping out of the classroom in disgust, "Somebody stole my book!" Susie is always at Cunningham's Stables—not only for the horses! Judy Kleinhans: People who live in Rockcliffe often see Judy whizzing by on her new racer, but in June she will be leaving for the United States. Last term Judy won the Humane Society Essay Contest. She has been a good classmate for us and we will miss her. Sandra Graham is the next on the list. Sandy has been very lucky to go on a Caribbean Cruise and to come back

with a beautiful tan. She is making an attempt to be a golf star. Rosemary Findlay is our class hypochondriac. Either she has a sore arm or her neck is out of joint. Rosy has an awful temper, so beware! She is our class librarian and makes a good job of it. Tina Tarantour is our starving boarder. There must be a hole somewhere because we can never fill her up. She is our class jokester, too. Busy Richardson, Busy by name and Busy by nature is from Toronto. She is very good at art and is our noisiest boarder. Linda Carnall is our mechanical brain. Just before French you will always find her rhyming off her homework to the lazy ones. What would we do without Linda? Frances Cabeldu, our Form Captain for the year, is both industrious and efficient. We all agree she is an all-round girl.

We now come to Upper 4B, and the first person I shall introduce is Jana Stepan. Jana is very quiet in class and does her work well. A few years ago Jana came over to Canada from Czechoslovakia and speaks English very well. Behind Jana sits the one and only Liliias Ahearn. Liliias always seems to have her homework "somewhere in the book". Liliias may be in Math. class, but her mind and her hands are set on drawing pictures of her comic characters. Lynne Castonguay is our class baseball star. She also is our Form vice-captain and does a very good job. Every Thursday Lynne finds her books everywhere except in the desk. Guess who was there? Bonnie Wood still pines for the ranch. She goes out there every summer. She is very good at school sports. Lauretta Landymore is our very lucky classmate who is going to the Coronation. She is one of the brains of the class. Jean Garvock is very interested in collecting the Royal family books and she often brings them to school to show the girls. Janet Cooper is one of the lucky girls who entered an essay contest which was sent to London. She has a great imagination for writing essays.

Last, but not least, I should like to introduce Miss Gooderham who has been our patient and capable form Mistress. We all appreciate how much she has done for us.



SCHOOL

Notes

The Hallowe'en Party

Before we knew it, the 31st of October was here and we found ourselves preparing for a gay night of fun. Seven-thirty came around and we started off in our costumes into the gym for the Grand March. It was gaily decorated in orange and black crepe paper; witches on their brooms and black cats loomed at us from the walls.

The procession, I must say, was a great success. There was every kind of costume imaginable. Jack Sprat and his wife, surgeons with a corpse on a stretcher who ingeniously thought of extracting the insides of a giraffe and cut off his leg at the same time. There was quite an amount of blood, gore and sound effects which made some people utterly turn away in disgust. Myrtle, the turtle, was the Grand Prize of the evening; Sally Wright carried this character out very well by maintaining her cramped and most uncomfortable position all during the March. The execution scene was very well done with Vicky Brain as priest attending and reading in a very loud and sonorous voice. Sue Hislop, who was the poor prisoner, had her head chopped off regardless of her pitiful sobs and cries.

After the Grand March was over and prizes given out accordingly, SA put on a skit which was full of silly jokes, one of which was "What does the clock say?" "Tick tock, as usual". It was based on *High Noon*. Their

western accent and the sound effects added to the "corn". Another skit put on by the staff, *Elmwood's Mother Goose Book*, made me laugh so hard I got a pain in my side. The look on Miss Leonard's face when trying to fish out of a Shredded Wheat box, Mrs. Bruce in a school tunic and Miss Adams coming on stage wondering what day and what time and saying, "I've been trying to get that wretched car started since eight o'clock" couldn't have appealed to all more. I do not think Miss Adams could have picked anything better as we saw from the yells and hoots of laughter which arose as, bewildered, she came in.

Food was served at about nine and the evening ended by singing of *Auld Lang Syne* in the hall. "You will get out of life what you put into it". This is true of the party; everybody took a lot of trouble and time and got what they wanted, an evening of mystery and fun.

Art Notes

The Tuesday art classes continued to be under the supervision of Mr. Hyndman this year. Some colorful interpretations of the Indian dances of Shivaram were produced by the various members during the year and the younger artists are showing great promise.

The products of Miss Maxwell's junior art class are always on display and adding color to the halls of Elmwood.

All in all, this has been a successful year in the Art Department.

Music Notes

The music classes this year were still under the valiant guidance and directorship of Mr. MacTavish. He has taken great pains to attempt to teach our aspiring musicians. A great deal of interest has been shown by the younger girls and everyone has been doing good work.

Margaret Boehm should be given a note of praise for the playing of the morning hymns at Prayers.

The junior and senior choirs add colour and interest to our morning devotional period, and once a week the choirs render very beautiful selections.

Who knows, there might be among us another Beethoven or Lily Pons!

The Bazaar

All that was left
Were empty stalls
Flag-lined walls,
Paper littered halls,
Marianne and me.

The first day of school
We all were warned
Of the momentous decision,—
A bazaar was in store!
With pomp and precision
The Seniors collected;
The bonnets and booties
With great care selected.

The great day arrived,
And Elmwood with pride,
Would show its display
Of knitting and sewing,
Of books, and the works
Of the cleverest cooks.

But before they could buy,
Our visitors eyed
A parade of bright costumes
From countries afar;
And a number of dances
Which left them in trances!
And pauses were filled
With music that thrilled.

With thoughts for their tummies
They went quick like bunnies
Straight to the tea-room
Where, with grace and with haste
We filled them, with cooking,
We hope, to their taste.

Then on to the buying:
With parcels for tying,
They emptied their purses
For the good of the cause.

T'was a day of success —
That we both must confess
But we'd like you to know
That . . .

All that was left
Were empty stalls,
Flag-lined walls,
Paper-littered halls,
Marianne and me.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE—*Keller*
MARIANNE LOVINK—*Fry*

Editor's Note: The Bazaar was for the SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND, and nearly one thousand dollars was raised.

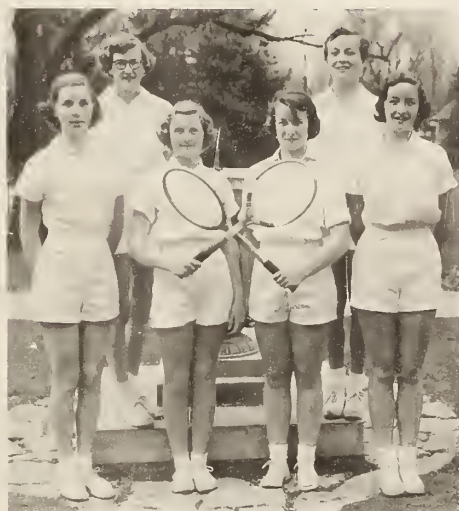
The House Collections

This year the House Collections were arranged a little differently than usual; that is, in two parts. The first part was held on the morning of the Bazaar and consisted of books, jig-saw puzzles, ornaments and many beautiful knitted articles. The three houses, Nightingale, Keller, and Fry all had excellent displays, but Nightingale's was judged the best. Almost all the articles were sold.

The second part of the House Collections was held just before Christmas and was made up of usable clothing and afghans that were worked upon very hard. These were well displayed and filled many cartons which were sent to local charities. In spite of the tough competition, Nightingale again came out on top.



HEADS OF THE HOUSES



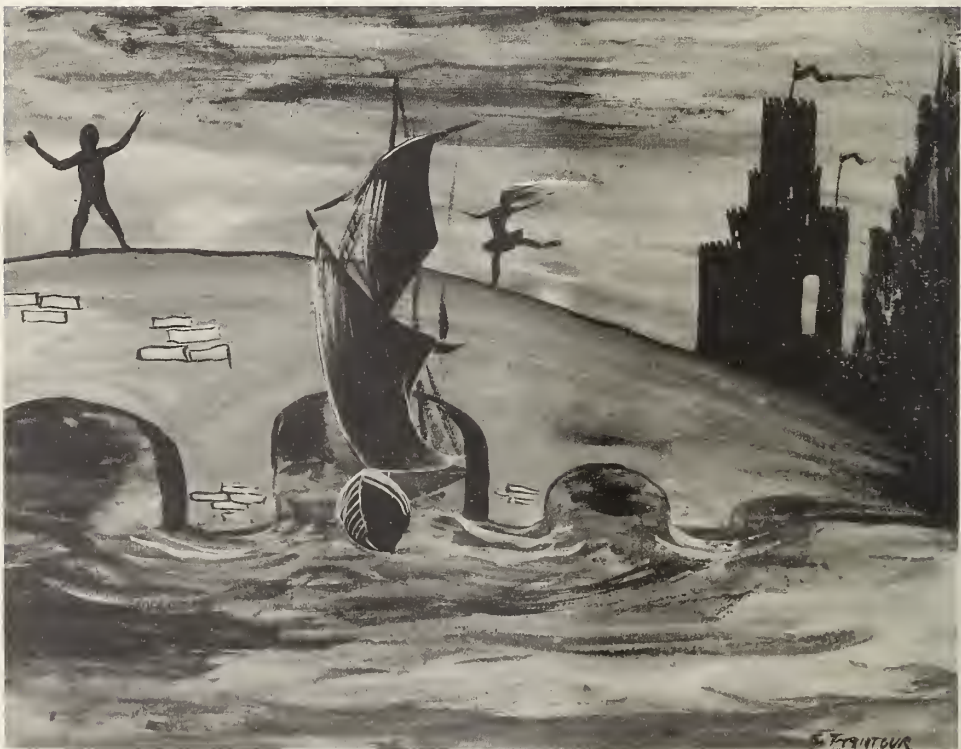
SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM



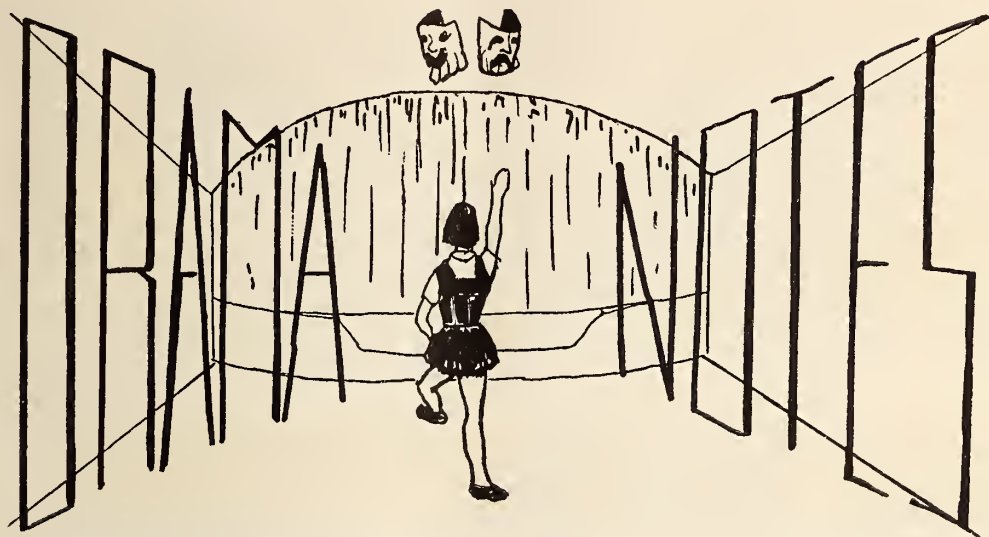
SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR ART by EFI MALAMAKI



SENIOR ART by SONIA TARANTOUR



Under the able direction of Mrs. Meiklejohn, we have presented quite a number of plays this year, all of which were successful. We began with the traditional house plays, these being directed by the house heads. Nightingale came first with its *Royal Touch*. Vicky Brain was outstandingly good, as were Jo-Anne Davis and Esther Prudham. Fry supplied the comedy with *The Ghost Story* in which Janet Hanson did her usual best. Jane Mulholland is to be highly praised for her part of the chamberlain in Keller's *The Golden Doom* which she learnt the day before the play was put on. Sheila McCormick also did very well.

Next we presented the Christmas Play, *St. Anne and the Gouty Rector* — Betsy-Jane Davis made a lovely St. Anne and Sue Hislop and Sally Wright showed their acting ability in the parts of the gouty rector and Nicholas, respectively.

On the night of Feb. 27 the Little Theatre was filled to capacity when the combined

Ashbury-Elmwood Dramatic Societies staged the well-liked comedy *Dear Ruth* — Jennifer Woolcombe deserves credit for her role as the precocious kid sister of poor Ruth, the latter capably portrayed by Jane Mulholland. Janet Hanson did very well also in her portrayal of the mother of the two.

The day before we broke up for the Easter Holidays the Senior Plays were enjoyed by all. This year they chose *Quality Street* and *The Dumb Wife of Cheapside*. In the former, Sandra McKee and Joan Fagan were very good as two of the sisters of Quality Street. As the dumb wife of Cheapside, Sheila McCormick, having not said a word in the first act, made up for her lack of lines in the second act when she talked incessantly, much to the anguish of her husband played by Janet Hanson.

These have been the plays presented by the budding actresses of Elmwood this year.

Public Speaking

There was only one interclass debate this year, between the 5Bs and 5Cs. The 5Bs successfully proved that "The dress of Western women should *not* remain static for twenty-five years in the styles of the 1950's".

The Public Speaking contest is to be held on May 15 this year and there should be a wide variety of subjects. Last year's winners were Sheila McCormick whose subject was "Flying Saucers" and Madge Macbeth who spoke on "Be Kind to Animals Week".

Dances

This year, through Mrs. Graham's kindness, Elmwood had three dances, which were all successes due to the energy of the various dance committees.

The first, a house dance, was attended by the majority of the school and among the numerous dances were "elimination", "bingo" and "spot" dances, which heightened the amusement.

The Annual Formal, on February 13, was a marvellous success. The gym was beautifully decorated by Freiman's generosity, also by the seniors' hot air used in blowing up the balloons, which hung in all possible, and some impossible, places. The orchestra, Toby Rochester's, played various types of wonderful dance music.

5A organized the square dance, which was a very strenuous affair. The band played unceasingly, while whirling dervishes danced equally unceasingly in the gym, this time festooned with saddles and other farm accoutrements.

All these dances were supplemented by welcome refreshments. The Mothers' Guild deserves the highest praise for its timely aid in this direction which greatly contributed to the undoubted success of the dances.

Ballet Notes

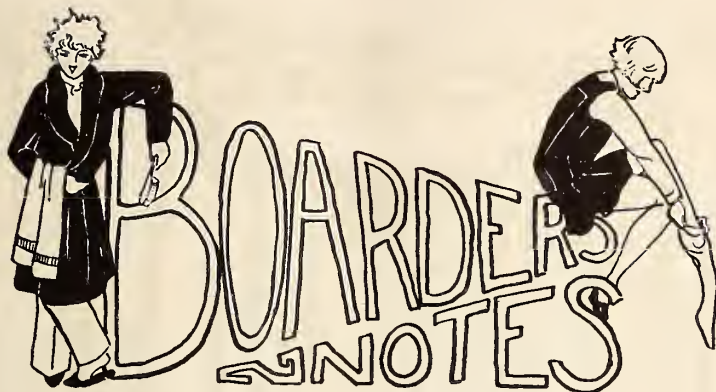
Although the ballet class this year is small, it is still very enthusiastic and at Christmas was joined by Myrna Badham who has done marvellously in catching up with us.

This year there has only been one ballet recital which was held the day of the Bazaar along with several other forms of entertainment. The solo was very beautifully done by Sheila McCormick; the duet by Margo Freiman and Andrea Rowley and the Gypsy Dance by Efi Malamaki, Jana Stephanova and Liliash Ahearn. The music was very ably provided by Mr. MacTavish. Erna Pilupe has now finished her extremely successful year of teaching at Elmwood and we hope to see her back next fall.

Free Day

It was the thirtieth of January and one of our most anticipated days had arrived — Free Day. This day has been an annual event at Elmwood for many years, and always turns out to be a great success in its own peculiar way. Each class is "free" to arrange its own time table for the day and many extra-curricular activities are had which ordinarily the pupils would not have the opportunity to participate in. A favourite period for the junior school was an extra skating lesson. The intermediate classes even tackled a German grammar text and some listened to Madame Krupka's languages and fascinating stories about the many European countries she knows. We were very fortunate this year in having films for the senior school which corresponded to our studies in science. Many of the classes held a period of musical appreciation to which classical, semi-classical and valuable collectors' records were brought.

Thus another Free Day passed and we all agreed that again it was a success, but moreover we proved that we could pass a free day in a constructive manner.



WHEN we returned in September, we were all very glad to welcome Sandra McKee as our head girl. As our resident mistresses we had Miss MacCallum, Miss "Kaye", later Mrs. McAulay and Miss Maxwell, as our newcomers; Miss Shand, Miss Leonard, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mrs. Soulis our matron, and Miss Robinson the nurse. Miss Jessop again filled the full-time post of house-mistress.

So we settled down to enjoy our serene lives as Elmwood boarders (crash!). Did I say peaceful? Well, with the exception of "Lounge Bedroom" and the lounge after study, the school is serene. But when you enter the lounge, beware! The intermediates are trying out the latest Latin-American dance steps, while Sandra is vainly trying to pry the tubes out of the radio and Sue Richardson is giving the latest Iroquois crew cut to one of her defenceless victims.

Mrs. Graham has granted us some very generous privileges this year. The boarders were allowed weekends out at least once a month and the girls went to numerous dances. Miss Jessop also arranged for us to see the

concerts and outstanding events in Ottawa. The girls were able to see the Morning Music Club, Tremblay and Philharmonic Concerts. We also saw the Sonja Henie Ice Show, the Minto Follies and the "Messiah" sung by the Ottawa Choral Union.

Amongst the numerous activities inside school were the Hallowe'en Party, which never fails to bring out the junior boarders in all the property cupboard's finery; the Christmas Carol Service, when we all went down to Mrs. Graham's house to sing carols; and the Christmas pajama-party for the staff and girls. "Santa" paid us a visit and there were refreshments served afterwards.

On the sporting side of our activities were swimming at Lac Philippe, skating at night thanks to Mrs. Graham who had a spot light placed near the rink, and baseball in the fall and summer term.

Before ending, we should like to thank Mrs. Graham and all the members of the staff, who have helped to make this a happy and enjoyable year for the boarders and we would like to bid a fond farewell to Miss Leonard and Miss Shand.



This year the school has not had one sports captain but three! Each house captain had the honour of being one third of a school captain. Nightingale's sports captain was Joan Maynard; Keller's, Meg Reynolds; and Fry's, Sally Wright. They collaborated for the school sports captaining.

Sports Day

Sports day of 1952 was a lovely day with the exception of a few mosquitoes. The whole day was a success, thanks to Miss Jessop. Everything went smoothly except for an occasional bang from the cap gun. The following cups were awarded:

Senior Sports Cup—Janet Lawson and Pat Knowlton

Intermediate Sports Cup—Joan Maynard

Junior Sports Cup—Lynn Castonguay

Preparatory Sports Cup—Ann Gilbert

Interhouse Sports Cup—Fry

Basketball

This year our outside basketball games have been met with great zeal. We played five games against "foreign" schools and we had fairly good luck, only losing two games, both to Carleton College. In spite of the fact that a couple of our players had to be lent to the

Y.W.C.A. team once, we won both games against them. The game against Lisgar was very exciting and little did we think we could beat them, but we did.

The games played were:

January 27—Elmwood 16, Carleton College 25

February 3—Elmwood 26, Lisgar

February 12—Elmwood 23, Y.W.C.A. 14

February 28—Elmwood 14, Carleton College 21

March 3—Elmwood 26, Y.W.C.A. 15

School Basketball Team:

Forwards: Lorna Travaglini (Captain), Margaret Boehm, Catherine Prudham, Sue Richardson, Sally Wright, Jennifer Woollcombe, Jo-Anne Davis, Janet Hanson

Guards: Janet Chapman, Meg Reynolds, Joan Maynard, Jane Mulholland, Sheila McCormick, Marianne Lovink, Josephine Stone

At school we battled on our small court with the House Games which were played with great enthusiasm. Fry won the Senior Basketball and Nightingale the Junior. There was even a boarders versus staff game which proved to be a riot in more ways than one. Goodness knows who won!

Other Sports

Our badminton tournaments were very exciting this year as we saw some good games. The whole school watched the finals, the winners being:

Senior singles—Jane Mulholland

Senior Doubles—Jane Mulholland and Sheila McCormick

Intermediate Singles—Sally Wright

Intermediate Doubles—Sally Wright and Sue Richardson

Due to unsuitable conditions we have been unable to play tennis so far this year. At the beginning of last year (1952) the school tennis team, which consisted of last year's winners, played in the Interscholastic Tournaments; we didn't do very well. The players were:

Senior Singles—Joan Maynard

Senior Doubles—Joan Maynard and Sally Wright

Intermediate Singles—Sue Richardson

Intermediate Doubles—Betsy-Jane Davis and Virginia Shurly

Another sport in which our ardent athletes have taken part is volleyball. Even though the ceiling was often a hindrance to our better efforts, the games proved to be exciting. Fry managed to win first place in the senior games.

Even though this was not a part of our inter-house games, mention must be made of it as it was our one only outdoor game—quite humorous, I must say. This was our senior

versus intermediate softball game. The Mad Hatters beat the Mighty Mice 35-33, although the Mighty Mice put up a good fight! The mighty seniors are invincible!

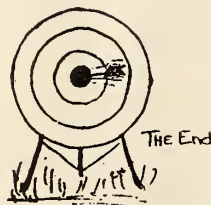
Gym

The main event of the year to the gymnasts was the Gym Display held on March 13. About two months were spent in preparation for it. With exercises by the seniors, square dancing, and Indian Club display, and several acts by the juniors, it turned out to be one of our better accomplishments of the year, thanks to Miss Jessop's hard work. On Friday afternoons this year, there was an extra class of apparatus for the more energetic seniors and intermediates. It was a popular class, especially for the reducers.

Skiing and Skating

As there was hardly any snow in Ottawa this year there was not much skiing, except for the person who did not mind skiing on ice. Consequently most of the school went up to Mont Tremblant where they had a terrific weekend amidst heaps of snow. Unfortunately there were one or two casualties which shall be nameless!

The skating rink was made behind Mrs. Graham's house and everyone had a lovely time on it, especially the Juniors. Judy Nesbitt came once a week to teach the enthusiastic skaters. The skating lasted a bit longer fortunately than the skiing.



Senior Literary Section

POETRY AWARD 1953

Invocation

A hush of twilight settles on the bay,
And weaves a brooding spell through earth
and sky;

It soothes the little winds that moan and sigh,
And fills with peace the last red glow of day.

Muffled forests and mountains vast and vague;
Night's cloak splashed with dew drops; lustrous
moon

Pouring molten silver on the quiet bay,
Where, far-off, ghostly, hollow, laughs a
loon.

Clear dawn, and misty dusk, and velvet dew;
The midnight majesty of starlit skies;
The ocean whispers sounding in a shell,
As echoes of sea music faintly rise;

The April dance of wind-blown hyacinth;
The trustful faith that lies in love-lit eyes;
The tenderness in every mother's face;
The selfless splendour of great sacrifice.

O, Beauty, call to my wild restless heart,
So I may sing the glories of Thy grace,
In words inspired by burning love for thee;
Beauty, my Queen, be glorified through me!

JANET CHAPMAN, V A
Fry

It Happened Long Ago

It was all very well, Sean meditated, that he should be given another chance, but even so he would have to perform three almost impossible feats even to gain the rank of a "Clover", and then three *more* to win the exalted position of a "Shamrock".

This will, no doubt, need explaining. Sean Do-Good, a smaller and younger than average

leprechaun, living in the heart of the Emerald Isle, had failed (because of above-named physical features) his only chance to enter the services of the "Trefoil" as guard. But as he was likely to fail again anyway, he was to be given another chance at it.

So, as a result of this, a couple of days later, Sean went quaking into the Senior Supervisor's office to receive his orders. After an age of waiting (or so it seemed to the paralysed Sean) he was given a piece of parchment and found it to contain the following notice:—

"Sean Do-Good is to journey out alone to the dark wood, equipped only with knife and steed where he is to procure within ten days the following: the hair of a bald eagle, gold piece of a Scotsman, and accent of an Englishman. Should he fail to do these things, he will be banished forever from the Emerald Isle."

It was signed with a Trefoil — symbolic of great power to the little leprechaun — and Sean almost regretted his choice of a vocation but even so he was *not* going to back out now . . .

So two days later he set out with a few provisions and knife and steed to get the three things. As it was a pleasant day, Sean decided that in order not to tire his horse (fly) he would lead him and walk himself. It was several hours later when the exhausted gnome arrived at a spring. He decided to rest there for the night and set out in quest of wood for a fire.

He had not got very far when he heard the sound of a little boy crying. He veered off his course and came into a small clearing where a little child sat clutching a new bag of shiny marbles. Sean asked what the trouble was, and he replied, "Momma jus' got me a new batch a marls an I've got no-one tuh play wif. Will you play wif me?." (The last hopefully). The little man was about to reply curtly when he

remembered his mother once saying, "It's the little things that count, Sean". So he sat down and played a lengthy game of "marls" with his new-found friend.

When Sean returned much later to his camp with a meagre supply of wood he felt strangely happy, the feeling one gets when one has done something good or kind. The next day went normally with nothing happening except the usual eating, sleeping and searching.

This same kind of thing went on for three days and, just as the leprechaun was getting worried about his inactivity, he rode straight into the path of a dog-cart, containing a lovely young girl and a fabulous amount of all kinds of roots piled high around her. She looked rather preoccupied and Sean asked if he could help — to his surprise and dismay she replied, "Yes", and explained that she had been banished from her hamlet near at hand for practising witchcraft and could only return if she brought with her five hundred tallow candles of which there was a great shortage there. (She had been given only the roots to work with.) This Sean realized was quite a dilemma. But he thought that if he boiled all the roots up with some scraps of ham fat he had in his wallet he could make a gooey enough substance to wrap around string wicks and it would surely work. However there were many false starts and by the time the two boilers got their mixture to work properly, they had used up all Sean's shoe laces, string, and everything. Desperate, he sent the girl to collect some vines for wicks — and about three long weary days later Sean loaded five hundred thick "tallow" candles into the dog-cart. He could hardly help being bitter about it, because lately his tasks had been pressing on his mind — and the dreadful punishment that would ensue if he failed to get the things. "Besides," he added dolefully to himself, "She'll most likely not even thank me, after working myself to the bone for her." This was sadly true for she did not even acknowledge them until she was nearly out of sight

and then only with a brief wave of her hand. "Pah," he exclaimed disgusted, "I'm through with helping people, I spend time and . . . oooooh." He was even too disgruntled to finish what he was saying and instead he went straight to bed.

The next morning Sean arose very late and set out to catch himself some breakfast, or, more likely, by this time, lunch. Quite a time later he returned with a large fish and a minute grouse, both of which had proved extremely elusive. He cooked them both over a sparse fire of yew branches and had just sat down, when a tiny man, crooked of limb and with a huge frill beard appeared, demanding something to eat in a thin reedy voice. By this time Sean was thoroughly out of temper and was about to refuse when again his mother's voice floated back to him, "It's the little things that count". So he offered him a seat on the soft moss. Before the astounded little leprechaun could even blink, his whole meal of fish, grouse and nectar tea was gone! Sean couldn't believe his eyes — the man was so small, he just couldn't have done it! But there was no more food left and just as he opened his mouth to demand where his meal had gone, the dwarf arose, thanked him politely for the repast and abruptly disappeared. This was too much for even a magic-abiding leprechaun and he stormed around the camp in a thoroughly bad humour all day.

When night time fell the exhausted creature rolled himself into his blanket without even bothering to eat . . . Suddenly, in the deep of night, a faraway voice called, "Sean, Sean, are you there?" The owner of the name awoke with a start (or so he thought later) and demanded quickly what she wanted; he was remembering what time he had spent on people he did not know and soon, too soon, his ten days would be up and he wanted to get back to sleep. But the silvery voice continued — "Because you have spent much of your precious time on other people, Sean, and have not procured your substances, the people whom you aided and made happy wish to

reward you. At dawn to-day go to the Old Yew Tree in the heart of the forest, dig under the largest root; there you will find a small box; in it will be the hair of a bald eagle, gold piece of a Scotsman and accent of an Englishman. Do not open it, for if you do they will escape and all our work will be undone. And now, I must go, but first here is something for *you* . . . Goodbye Sean". But before the voice died away Sean demanded, "But who are you?" She replied, "I am the ghost of happiness, Sean; because you made them happy they have remembered you . . ." It died away, but there on the moss lay a tiny gleaming shamrock; with Generosity, Faith and Contentment inscribed on the leaves . . .

"Well, Do-Good, heh, heh, didn't expect you back — er — but here's your emblem, young man, and don't lose it." This from the Senior Supervisor who received Sean and his tasks on the sunny morning of the tenth day. Never had the little leprechaun been so happy as he contentedly fingered his emblem (a Shellalagh) and tiny Shamrock. "Yes," he said, pinning them on his new brilliant green tunic, "It's the little things that count!"

VICKY BRAIN, V C
Nightingale

The Mind

When some are alone
They think of many things;
Of poverty
And wealth, riches and kings;
Some think of their lives,
Of one so well spent;
Others think of their wives,
Or how to pay the rent.

All in all, the mind
Travels far and wide
O'er land, sea and sky,
Over oceans deep
And mountains high,
Until the thoughts have
Reached above, and touched
Our Creator with simple love.

LAMBIE STEVEN, V A
Fry

Said the Frog to the Snail

Many years ago there lived a king who kept as pets a frog and a snail.

The frog had been given the very best education possible. Although his few brains were crammed full and his etiquette was the very best, he was a dull character. Whenever the king was in difficulties he turned to the frog for aid.

The snail, on the other hand, was altogether different. He had never had the chance to be educated and he never stopped to think over throwing a crude remark at the frog. Whenever the king was feeling downhearted he turned to the snail for enjoyment.

Now it happened that the frog and the snail lived together in the same little house. The snail, being a very stupid fellow, always did everything wrong and never failed to leave the rooms in a mess. The frog, who was very lazy, thought it below him to clean up the mess left by the snail and thus the little house was never tidy. One day the frog decided to give the snail a lecture. All night he sat pulling big words from the dictionary which he kept at his side. When the first rays of sun filled the room the frog moved to the lecture room. Making sure his dictionary was beside him, he began to practice his lecture for the snail.

When the snail awoke he said aloud, "To-day is the day of the big lecture". Then he added quietly to himself — "What an odd character that frog is — always talking about something that I can't understand. Last night he scolded me for telling him his wig was crooked. Ah well! What can you do with a person such as he?"

Moments later the frog bustled into the snail's room crying — "Hurry up, hurry up, you are wasting all my precious time. I must give you my lecture now for I have my beauty rest to attend to". The snail looked at him. "You dull character," he said, "can't you see that you are about to waste my precious time with a lot of oversized words from that dictionary of yours".

"Come along, I have no more time to waste," replied the frog.

At these few words, the snail was off in dreamland. His thoughts were far from the dull old frog whose mouth opened and shut trying to use every word in the dictionary.

For many hours the frog lectured on and at last came to a stop with these words — "I hope that after this brief talk you have changed your attitude towards untidyness".

The snail dragged himself to the lecture room. Upon reaching the room he went to the most comfortable chair and curled up. With a pillow under his head he prepared for a trip to dreamland. The frog took his place at the front of the room and began: "Dear snail, due to your untidy attitude I have prepared this speech to cure you of your untidiness".

The snail who had wakened to these words made his reply — "Dear frog, I thank the dictionary for lending you all its words for that very dry speech. I have never had the chance before to take time off for such a nap. I am happy to say I have not changed one bit. I will have lunch now and retire for the afternoon as I am extremely tired".

The frog looked startled at such a remark and said to himself, "That is the last time I spend my precious time on him. Why, he isn't even thankful to have such a bright fellow as I to help him". He then gave the snail a nasty look and left.

The snail curled back into his shell with a sigh of relief. The sun also must have heard the frog for it, too, was gradually sinking into the west.

CAROLYN BRUCE, V C
Keller

Description

She was a small, tired-looking, little woman with patient brown eyes and a dejected, colorless mouth. Her mouse-colored hair, streaked with grey and brushed straight back from her face, was tied in a bun at the nape of her neck, which accentuated the tired lines around her mouth and eyes, and made her drab clothes more obvious than ever. She looked small and out of place as she huddled in the corner of her seat.

The rest of the people on the crowded street-car had been Christmas shopping and were talking gaily to each other about the wonderful presents they had bought for relatives and friends, and the dejected little woman edged even further into her corner, as if to make herself as unobtrusive as possible. She had no parcels, only a thin worn purse which she fingered with bare hands as she gazed wistfully at everyone else's well-loaded shopping bags and bulging parcels.

Nobody noticed her as she edged off the car, except the people who had to move to let her out, and she cut a lonely, pathetic, little figure as she stepped down into the snowy darkness.

BOBBY BRADSHAW, V A
Nightingale

Last Words of the Dying Sinner

I see a tiny flickering light;

But through the thickness of the night,
It fades away. I grope and stumble,

Still cannot find that light,
Fore'er imprinted on my mind,

Because the stronger breeze did cool
The weakening rays of light.

And yet again I'll stand in darkness,
Upon those weary feet,

My soul once full of honour,
Now filled with deceit.

All hope denied, all life passed by,

I close my eyes, lie down and rest.
Someday my sins will be forgiven,

Where life is lasting, love long lived . . .
"Goodbye, dear World, forget

Thy mighty hand has never wrought
So pitiful a sinner.

I'll leave thee now, and as

I slowly sink into oblivion,
Forgive, forgive . . ."

MARIANNE LOVINK, VI M
Fry

The Photograph

I held the photograph in my hand. My eyes became wet as they carefully traced each feature of the face. It was a woman's face, one which I had often gazed at. The times and circumstance wherein I had seen her had varied but the feeling which she gave to me was always the same. Now I had but a photograph of her face — a mere picture through which I felt I could see the true character of this woman with whom I had lived, but really never known.

My memory slipped back over the ten years I had known her. Somehow I felt glad that I could not recall the first seven years of my life, for they had been ones of misery, but to the following ten she had given her all to make me happy. I led this miserable existence when I first saw her — saw her face with the big, blue, understanding eyes, the tiny lips which had always expressed supreme happiness and the light brown hair which curled around the face and fell softly on the shoulders. This was the first vision of the young woman I could recall. I was standing in the dim halls of the orphanage where I can clearly remember her taking me by the hand, leading me away from its doors and into her heart and home. In the years that followed, I grew up under her careful guidance. She seemed to change little during this time, but somehow my impression of her beauty on our first meeting did not correspond with this photograph I held in my hand.

When or where she had changed I do not know, but now I realized that she had known a life of sorrow which she had hidden from me and let only her goodness shine through. I found this hidden truth in my photograph. I could now see a shadow which covered this superficial expression of happiness. The unknown which lay beneath this shadow and the fact that I should never know the meaning of its existence deeply troubled me. Why had I not seen it before — in time to be of some help? Was it that I, as a child, could not sense the inner feeling of one so close? Was it be-

cause I had been with her constantly and did not realize that she had changed? Or was it that this photograph was meant to be the means by which the true character of my dead mother was revealed to me?

MARGARET REYNOLDS, V A
Keller

There was a young yokel named Huck,
Who lived in the hills of Kentuck,
His girl friend in pink.

Just drove him to drink,
But the cork on the moonshine was stuck!

JUDY EWING, V B
Nightingale

The Miracle

Pierre was the boy's name and Annette the girl's. Their mother and father were French-Canadian habitants, who were leaving their homes in Quebec to begin a new life in a village that was yet to be built.

They travelled a long way and finally found an ideal location for settling. It was in a small, well-sheltered valley nearby which there was a hill where they chose the site of their new church. Annette wanted to know why they built it on the hill. "Perhaps," said Pierre wisely, "to be nearer heaven." There was also a wooded island a little way from the shore, separated from the mainland by tumbling rapids that the Indians only could get over. It looked very beautiful standing alone out in the river and the settlers wondered if they would ever be able to inhabit it.

The grown-ups were very busy that autumn. After the ship came down the river from Ville Marie, bringing with it all the familiar old furniture and their household belongings from Quebec, the settlers started to build their new cabins.

Pierre and Annette ran about the woods and meadows playing story characters or pretending to be *coureurs-de-bois*; sometimes Pierre would be a priest, teaching the Indians (Annette) about Le Bébé. Pierre and Annette were not quite sure about Him; if He loved them so much, why had He gone away? Why wouldn't He come back again, if everybody loved Him so? It was all very puzzling even to Annette, who had begun to learn her catechism and could tell her prayers on the tiny Rosary that one of the Jesuits had given her.

One day Annette asked Père Lalement, "Why does He stay away? Why doesn't He come back to live with us? I am sure no one would hurt Him now, and we would all love Him so dearly. I say my prayers to Him every night and I always ask Him to come back".

"I'm sure he listens, ma petite", said Lalement softly with a faraway look in his eyes. "Perhaps He will come back soon when we have made the world a better place". Now Annette understood. She had to be very good and maybe Le Bébé would return once more.

And so the autumn passed. Many of the priests had gone to live in Indian villages for the winter, to teach the wild, superstitious savages about Christ. Pierre and Annette said goodbye to them cheerfully, not knowing that they would never see some of their friends again. The houses were finished and the church, too, though it had taken all the wood on the little hillside to build them. They had an impressive service at the church to celebrate the naming of the new village. They called it St. Anne, St. Anne de Beaupré because of its beautiful surroundings. The settlers were very happy and gay, even though they had made no plans for the winter. They had no wood laid ready to burn all during the long days and nights and no food stored up to keep them. Then the first snow came; winter was very early that year.

Gradually the villagers began to realize their plight. Most of the wood available had been used for building the church and log cabins. The priests had taken most of the stored-up

food and in the fields by the settlement there were no trees left to burn. There were no animals to kill for food, except an occasional rabbit, which was not enough food for the settlement of busy, hungry people and the people could not venture beyond the valley because of the Indians who could not let them touch their land.

Across the river there was the island, with plenty of wood on it, and probably plenty of food too. But how could they get it? The rapids were more dangerous now, filled with ice floes, and black tumbled boulders peered out between the floes.

Young Yvet, the curé's nephew, set forth in a light canoe, in a desperate attempt to reach the island and his overturned canoe was soon tossed back to the people. The next day the curé in a trembling voice said a mass for his soul and a sad little party wended its way down the hill from the little church with nothing but despair and grief left in their hearts.

They had all learned to love the little community and their fellow adventurers. Would they have to pack and leave their new home? How could they go back to Quebec, after promising such glad and wonderful results for the coming summer? Even so it would be impossible to go back over the cold, snowy path to Quebec, full of danger from the savage Indians.

Pierre and Annette who before had not noticed the tired anxious faces of their mother and father now knew what was wrong. Papa looked grave and did not play with them any more in the evenings. Maman tried hard to laugh and be cheerful, but it was very hard!

Oh, but the winter would soon be over, Maman and Papa would find a way, and le bon curé, he would help them. He always did. Besides there was Le Bébé. He listened to everybody's prayers. Père Lalement had told them so. They wished He would come back. He would cheer everybody up, and find a way out of trouble, too.

Le bon curé wished he had as much faith as the children. Night and day he prayed and

fasted, praying that God would send them the grace to live for another winter. No matter what he tried to do, he could think of no way to provide for his little flock. He began to lose faith in himself, and to think that it was his fault that his people were so miserable.

Pierre was not worried at all. So long as he had his "potage" and his "tartine" every day, it did not seem to him that much could be wrong. But Annette had seen her Maman weeping in the corner of the cabin and her papa could say nothing that would comfort her. So Annette began to think.

Père Lalement had told her that Le Bébé listened to people's prayers, so that afternoon instead of going out to play with Pierre, she would go up to the little church. She had her precious Rosary clasped in her hand, and she was thinking of a prayer to make, so that Le Bébé would understand how hard it was for everybody. Then perhaps He would tell Le Bon Dieu, about it, and then everything would be settled.

Quiet as a mouse she crept into the little wooden church, built by such loving hands. She knelt down by one of the pillars and began to pray. She heard another voice murmuring prayers too and peeping behind the pillar she saw the curé on his knees. This gave her courage and she told Le Bébé about the trouble; how Maman had cried and how Papa had not been able to comfort her; how the curé had prayed, and how Yvet had tried to do his best. She told him how hungry the people were and how cold. Oh please, help them. She would be very good. She would try to be in time for déjeuner and try to remember to come home as soon as the sun went down behind the mountain — how pretty it was then. The snow became a beautiful gold, barred with great black shadows, and the mountains were purple; she wished that it would always stay like that — and she would tell Pierre too, and he would try — though sometimes he would not do as she asked — but she was sure he would this time — though only yesterday she

had begged him not to go down by the river, and he had. She was afraid of the river now that Yvet — oh, please, Bébé, bless Yvet, look after him and love him as much as we did. Oh, please listen to her prayer, blessed Bébé, and help them!

She stood up, and suddenly, a terrible thought came to her! She had not brought a single thing to give to Le Bébé in return. How ashamed she felt! She only had her Rosary. How she loved it, her Rosary, the beautiful beads, and the pretty cross, and it was her very own and yet . . . She went slowly to the curé; he stood up, when he saw her and said, "What do you want, my little one?"

"Oh, Monsieur le Curé, I have made a prayer to the Blessed Bébé and I didn't bring anything to give him — so I thought he would like my Rosary, it is such a pretty one! Père Martin gave it to me when we left Quebec. See how pretty it is! Don't you think that perhaps He might like it, too?"

People said that what happened that night was a miracle. Perhaps the curé knew differently. That night he had prayed, not so much for help for the town, but for such faith as he had witnessed that day.

The miracle was that the tired, discouraged villagers woke up to see a bridge to the island. The ice floes in the river had jammed against the boulders and piled up, forming a natural pathway from the mainland.

That night there was food enough in the little village, and warmth too. The face of the curé was like a light that night, as he gazed on the devout people, kneeling in thanks to their Lord. He had seen a miracle performed, a miracle of faith among his own people.

To Annette that night, as she said her prayers by the bedside, it had been the obvious thing to happen. As she snuggled down in her cosy bed, she told herself that she knew it was going to happen. After all, "It was such a pretty Rosary".

JANET CHAPMAN, V A
Fry

Fannie Fix's "Lovelorn Column"

Dear Fannie Fix:

I am madly in love with a boy who is many years older than I am. His name is Hannibal and I'm pretty sure he loves me too; only every time we go on a date, he pokes my arm and says, "My dear, you are getting fatter and better looking every day". Miss Fix, I think Hannibal is a cannibal; what shall I do?

Sincerely,
Angela Fatcat.

Ans: Dear Miss Fatcat:

I suggest you try the Elmwood diet table for a month or two. Then, *if* you lose weight, and your suspicions are right about Hannibal's being a cannibal, he will leave you and you will be safe.

Fannie Fix.

Dear Fannie Fix:

I yam foorten yars old an' secratly marrad. I yam stil livin on da far, with ma folks, but ma husbin Abner warnts me to leave hooome and traval around wit him, as he is a travalling salesman. I dun't know whart t'do, cus if Ma or Pa efer found out ah was marrad, he wood take the shot gun and shoot me and ma poor husbin full of buck shot. An if ah run away wit Abner, pappy wil git them there hound dorgs on our traile, an when he gits us . . . well, we will be plum out of luck cause dem buck shots hurt! Wat can Ah do?

Rosabelly M.C.B.L.O. Marblehead.

Ans: Dear Miss Marblehead:

I'd shoot them hounds and git!

Fannie Fix.
FRANCIS WOOD, V B
Nightingale

Story of a Lost Pet

It was a cold winter day; and as I was walking along, I could tell that the first snowfall was not far off. I did not know where to go, for I was a homeless pet. All summer my master had played with me and fed me; but when he went back to the city, he turned me out in the cold. Just like many other cats, I was looking for food on Nantucket Island which was now barren and bare.

Suddenly I saw meat and without looking to see if there was any danger, I pounced on the raw chunk. In a flash a bag closed around me, and some boy picked it up and walked away with it. I could tell I was entering a barn, for the heat and the sweet smell of hay convinced me. Before I could take another breath I was shaken out of the bag; and a lot of groans followed. It was evident they were not pleased, because I was so skinny. A little girl ran into the barn and danced with delight when she saw me. She picked me up and called me "a pretty kitten". I began to purr because it was the first time in a long time I had been content. One of the boys took her back to the house and in a few minutes returned with some thin ropes in his hands. He tied me up and placed the raw meat in front of me and kept tempting me with the wonderful odor. I tugged and tugged on the ropes, but I could not get free and finally after ten minutes my paws were rubbed raw, and I fell down exhausted eyeing the raw meat. They kept me in the barn for a few days, and on the third day the neighbors found out I was in the barn. When they saw my paws, they were horrified; but they forgot to do anything about me. In the meantime my paws were getting infected.

All the time I had not had anything to eat in days and only the water to drink which leaked through the barn roof every time it rained. Later that night a storm came and broke a window; and climbing with all I had left in me, I managed to get out of the window. I walked until I found a soft pile of leaves, and I flopped down and went to sleep.

In the morning when I awoke, I found myself in a soft basket with a fire snapping cheerily in front of me. In half an hour the Ottawa Humane Society was there; and they carried me, basket and all, and put me in a truck. In about ten minutes (it seemed like an hour to me) we drove up in front of a small building, and they took me out of the truck and carried me into the building. When the men saw me, they all pitied me and a man picked me up

and put me on a white table. One man held me while another man washed and put medicine on my paws, and after that they put bandages on them. I cried with pain, but I soon got over that when they put me in a nice cage and fed me fish and warm milk. It was not long before I fell asleep.

I was only there about two days before my paws were almost healed and I was getting fat again. One afternoon a man came with a little girl whose dog had been killed previously and who was looking for a cat. When she saw me, she begged her father to get me. The man paid for me and bought me a collar, and they took me home where I am to this day. If I could talk, I could never express my thanks to the people who took me in and to the Ottawa Humane Society who sheltered me and fed me and found me a home. There are probably millions of other pets everywhere who think the same thing.

JUDITH KLEINHANS, IV A
Keller

The Tabby and the Abbey

In Westminster Abbey

There lived an old Tabby
Whose job was to keep out the mice.

When in walked the bishop,
And told her to dish up,
She said, "Sure, I will for a price".

So the money rolled in
And the mice rolled out,
And the winter went by in a hurry;
When Spring came along,
And the mice were all gone,
The cat had a terrible worry.

She was out of a job,
So she sold for ten bob,
Her fur for the robe of a Lord;
Then she lay down and died,
With a heart full of pride,
And they drove her away in a Ford.

MARGOT FREIMAN
SUSAN BRAIN
VB

Nur Jehan

To-day I am going to tell you about a famous Empress of India. While Elizabeth I ruled in England, while Shakespeare wrote his famous plays, in India there ruled a most beautiful and witty Empress, Nur Jehan.

Her father, an Irany merchant, having endured many hardships in Iran, decided to go to India. On the way, a daughter was born to him whom they named Mehrunisa. They were very poor and the baby meant another mouth to feed, so they decided to abandon her. They left her on the roadside and continued on their way, but they could not bear to leave her so they went back. Upon returning, they saw that a caravan had stopped there and was taking the child. They thanked the nobleman for his kindness but took the child themselves. They became friendly, and the nobleman, a member of Akbar the Great's Court, gave him an entry into the court. Soon the Irany merchant was appointed Master of the Household, and Mehrunisa grew up in the luxurious atmosphere of the court.

One day, at the age of seventeen, as she was wandering in the palace gardens, she met Prince Saleem. He gave her two pigeons to hold and went away. A few minutes later he returned and saw that she was holding only one pigeon. He was furious. He asked her what had happened to the other pigeon — "It flew away" she said — "But how?" he asked. "Like this," she said, and opening the other hand, she let the other pigeon fly off. Saleem fell in love with her and later wanted to marry her; but the marriage was thought unsuitable, so Mehrunisa was married off to any army officer.

Akbar the Great died, and Prince Saleem became Emperor and assumed the title of Jehangir. In the meantime, Mehrunisa became a widow and was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Dowager Queen. Jehangir, that is, Prince Saleem, courted Mehrunisa for seven years after which she consented to marry him.

After their marriage he named her Nur Mehal, meaning "glory of the palace". Later he called her Nur Jehan, the name by which

she is best known. It means "the light of the world".

She was the first woman to rule all India. She was the one who really ruled, though she was not a monarch in her own right. She improved the laws, she gave religious freedom to the people. She was an excellent horse-woman and a crack shot. She was also an excellent musician. She set fashions in costumes and cosmetics. She invented Gulab-ka-itar, or the perfume of roses. She designed jewelry; one piece in particular, called the Jehangiri, is said to have been designed by her to hide a scar on her wrist. In unconscious memory of Nur Jehan, it is still worn by the women of the subcontinent of Indo-Pakistan.

NADIRA MASOOD, V A
Nightingale

On Sleep

"To sleep, perchance to dream, ah, there's the rub". Not that I mind dreaming, but it seems to lend a tone to an essay if one starts out with a quotation, preferably Shakespeare!

I think there is nothing so lovely in the world as sleep. To sink swiftly into oblivion and drift into a world of gay and fantastic beings and all the while stretching luxuriously between cool sheets and warm blankets cuddling a light feathery pillow — ah that is bliss! Of course there are nightmares, I have them often — over eating, say my unsympathetic family. But that does not detract from the pleasure of sleeping. In fact it adds a little spice to it, in retrospect, that is.

I may be biased on the subject of the benefits of sleep. I admit that I am lazy and very fond of indulging in all possible forms of laziness. But I think nothing is as refreshing as a good sleep. Except, perhaps, a bath; and one can not bathe just anywhere!

By now I think I hear most disapproving murmurs on the subject of my laziness and creating the impression that I spend all my time sleeping, so I had better hasten to defend myself. There *is* one thing I do not like about sleeping. In fact, that is the only reason that

do not spend all my time sleeping. The unpleasant fact is waking up. One cannot get away from it and it spoils all the fun of a nice "snooze".

And so having written a rather pointless essay on my laziness instead of a learned one on sleep, I had better end. I would add a few more witticisms to create a final good impression but the reader will no doubt excuse me on learning that I am feeling rather sleepy at the moment!

SALMA IKRAMULLAH, VI M
Keller

On Learning to Drive

Learning to drive is hard on everyone's nerves — the pupil's, the teacher's, and, if any can be found, the passengers. It is also rather hard on the car!

The first crisis reached is that of starting the vehicle — one either starts too fast, throwing everyone out of the back window, or too slowly, causing the car to jerk and splutter, and finally come to a dead stop. These methods are both very uncomfortable, as well as being unorthodox.

Once the vehicle has been started, the overwhelming problems are: first, to keep going without hitting the ditch or the telephone pole; secondly, to change gears without ruining the gear-box, or setting everyone's teeth on edge.

The next discomfort is stopping — the pupil invariably stops too fast, throwing everyone out of the front window. The motor usually stalls too, so that the torture of starting must be gone through again.

Having become reasonably (?) proficient at going forward, one must find a large open space in which to go backwards. (If the space is too small, the danger to onlookers becomes acute).

Once the pupil has mastered these difficulties, he is allowed on the road in order to get used to traffic and is then taken to some petrified inspector to pass a test and obtain a license.

BOBBY BRADSHAW, V A
Nightingale

Morning on the Lake

It is a depressing day, and here I sit in front of the window, gloomily looking out on the dripping streets and dark menacing skies. My mind wanders, and longingly I think of how happy I was that summer a few years ago. Days of careless freedom and radiant happiness they were.

I can remember how sometimes I would wake up early, the birds twittering just outside my window, and comfortable semi-darkness in my room. And a sudden sense of madness would take hold of me and I would jump out of bed, quickly clothe myself, gulp down any food that happened to be lying around, and joyfully bolt into the free open, like a young colt after a long period of imprisonment. The fresh, green grass would still feel wet under my bare feet and the cool morning air softly caress my face. And there, tied to the wreck of our old and battered dock, would be our canoe, lightly and evenly bobbing on the swell. It seemed to beckon and I followed and together we would feel the blessing God places on the early morn. Here and there a loon would suddenly appear from under the surface of the dark blue water and its call would sound frighteningly shrill as it broke the blessed silence. It created an air of mystery and strangely enough, I liked it. And as I slowly paddled on, I would sometimes come upon a small school of ducks, hidden somewhere behind the protecting bushes of water plants and my rude interruption would quickly scatter them, shrieking with fright.

Oh, how I loved to roam the lake, with only my thoughts to keep me company, and the beauty of nature, unsurpassed, surrounding me everywhere.

MARIANNE LOVINK, VI M
Fry

There once was a little green cat,
Whose fur had been dipped in a vat;
Said he with a cry
"I'll never say 'dye',
Till they turn me the shade of a rat."

VICKY BRAIN, V C
Nightingale

Hope

No matter how pointless or how lost everything seems, when things are at their lowest ebb, there is bound to appear a little flicker of hope. Sometimes people refuse to believe it, and refuse to let it take possession of them, fearing to be let down; but it comes, sooner or later, because it is the fundamental structure of life. As Alexander Pope once said, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast". The poorest and meanest person lives on hope and without hope there would be no endeavour or attainment.

The world lives and feeds on hope; the farmer sows his seed with the hope of reaping a plenteous harvest; the school girl goes to school with the hope she will pass her exams; the business man goes to his office with the hope that he can get such and such a document finished; the road-worker sets out in the morning hoping he can finish his job and manage to save enough money to buy his wife a birthday present.

However, beyond the personal everyday hopes of each and all, there is the universal hope in life beyond the grave. Someone once said, "Hope proves man deathless". We do not know for certain if there is a 'hereafter', no one has ever come back and described it; we only try to believe and hope. Faith, Love, and Hope are the three most beautiful and sacred things in life. But hope is the most sustaining and enduring. We hope for many things, not all of which we can have, yet even if we do get them we are not satisfied, but hope beyond that; which brings to mind the quotation — "We hope but for the things we cannot have!" Hope — that star on life's tremulous ocean.

JOAN FAGAN, V A
Keller

Rain

The sky was like a sieve. It had been for the past week. I sat in my seat and gazed morosely out the window.

The drizzle continued, the leaden clouds unpromising. It wasn't excited rain or angry rain or freak spring rain but a succession of

tearful, depressed drops that marred the puddles and gurgled complainingly in the busy gutters.

The autumn leaves drooped passively and then, one by one, swirled softly down to form a damp soggy mass. I remembered the crisp leaves of other years that rustled underfoot and swept gracefully from heap to heap. I remembered jumping in them and throwing them at others. Would this flood ever stop?

I began to see Noah's point of view as I watched the rain seep through the muddy earth and flow in the roadway, washing it clean — as if it wasn't already!

At this point the sharp voice of an annoyed mistress pierced my senses; I turned, mumbling excuses, to my forgotten book.

SHEILA MCCORMICK, V A
Keller

Democracy

We as teen-agers have a duty before us because we live in a democratic country. A few generations ago our forefathers fought against great odds and achieved what we now call democracy. These struggles have their history in the Magna Carta in England, and later the abolition of the feudal system; the American Revolution in the United States; the French Revolution in France; and, in Canada, the abolition of the Family Compacts. These are only a few of the great difficulties overcome by our ancestors.

During the past decade this freedom has been accepted by many people as a matter of course without realizing their responsibilities in keeping it a healthy and living thing.

At the moment we have too many arm-chair politicians who sit around in some of our more prominent clubs and criticize the government for everything they do. On election day when they have a chance to do something about the government they do not even know enough to go out and exercise their franchise. Because we have taken our freedom for granted, we have not protected our democracy as we should have.

Consequently, Nazism, Fascism and Communism have sprung up like bad weeds trying to choke this democratic system. In the meantime Nazism and Fascism have been suppressed and much is being done now to deal with Communism. It is up to us as future citizens of Canada to see that these forces are held down in every way possible.

What can we do about them? We can elect the right people to run our country. In a few years it will be the present teen-agers who are running the country and it is our responsibility to see that we use this freedom our forebears fought for in the right way. We must know how to deal with our national affairs before we can tackle our international problems.

Lincoln said in his famous Gettysburg Address: "... we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." It is our privilege as Canadians to live in a democracy but a challenge to us to make our democracy live!

JO-ANNE DAVIS, VI M
Nightingale

There was a strange man from Mars,
Who took a queer interest in cars;
He built a jalopy
Which no one would copy,
And shot off to investigate stars!

SALLY WRIGHT, V B
Fry

There once was a juggler, vain,
Who thought himself best at the game;
He juggled some knives
While closing his eyes,
And punctured his jugular vein!

CICELY DUNN, V C
Fry

Junior Section

Transition and Form I

Down in the sunny Transition room with Mrs. McAulay we find ten shining faces. Let's drop in on a reading lesson! Our two "big" girls, Anne and Janet, are reading from the red books, and Caroline and Susan are trying very hard to finish their own books so they can find out all about the exciting people behind the red covers.

Over in the corner, helping Sandy find a book, are Marilyn and Eva, who are in charge of the "library" and they know the most interesting books to read! Martha and Sarwath have grown almost to the top of the bookcase this year and will soon be up to Elizabeth, who surprised us by growing so tall while she was in England.

Forms II and III

Mr. Black Squirrel ran up and down the tree trunks until he came to the school-house. Then up the fire escape he went and looked in the classroom window.

"Ch-ch-ch," he said to himself, "I see some new ones this year. That must be Judy from Australia. She is making a fine picture of a kangaroo. I wonder if she would paint my portrait? Oh, here is Harriet. I heard someone say that she has come all the way from India. While there, I suppose she had many exciting pets, such as monkeys and elephants. I do hope she will like small Canadian squirrels. That one must be Susanne from Sweden. She is drawing a picture of the Swedish Flag. There are Beverly, Mary-Jane, Johanne and Diann, all new Elmwood girls this year. I don't suppose they know how often we watch them when they are playing under the tree where we live!

On the other side of the room, there are Sarah and Gill saying their five times and making no mistakes. Ch-ch-ch, I wish I could say it like that. Margot and Sheila are hearing each other spell long words, such as, *Geography* and *Arithmetic*. What are Marjorie

and Wendy doing? Oh, I see. They are copying a poem in their best writing, and very nice it looks, too. Rita and Georgia are doing quite hard sums and they seem to be doing them so easily and quickly. Well, well, here are my old friends Heather and Busy. They were in this room last year when I looked in the window. They are writing stories and laughing about them. I wish I could read them. This school seems to be a happy place for little girls. Ch-ch-ch I have an idea! I shall go home this minute and ask Mrs. Squirrel if she thinks it would be a good plan to send our two youngest to Elmwood next September!"—and away he ran as fast as he could.

L IV B and IV C

The first thing that I am going to do is introduce myself. I am a needle with a rather large eye and by some terrible mistake I have strayed from my real home, the property room. I am here to tell you a bit about my owners in L 4B and 4C.

The first girl in the class is Seddon Ryan and really she is so set on Indians there isn't much else to talk about. I am sure I would not be surprised in the slightest if one jumped out of her desk this very minute. The second is Christine Ashbourne, and if any person in the class has beautiful handwriting, it is she. She just came back from a lovely stay in Newfoundland. Behind her sits Dorothy Wheeler. She is Form Captain this term and she is the very same as Seddon, only this time it is horses. Fourth is Donalee Forbes, who is a very good drawer and when she grows up she hopes to be an artist. At the beginning of the next row is Josephine Millar; she is the smallest but she is very helpful; I don't see how she can be in so many places at once. Behind her sits Sharon Webster who takes special art with Mr. Hyndman; I have seen her paintings and, believe me, she does very well. Right back of her is Wendy Blackburn. She was Form Captain

in the second term and I must say she did it splendidly. Starting another row is Michele Simkins who takes art also, but I believe ballet is her favourite. She just came from Venezuela and is learning our language very rapidly. Then comes Mary Findlay who simply adores her camping; she is also very good in sports. Louise Hayley is a girl for tumbling and is so good in writing she is always lending her Social Studies notes. Efi Malamaki is very good in tap and ballet; she came from Greece and is learning English well. The first of 4C Class is Susan Southam; she won for Form 4C in the essay contest and is noted for good reading along with Freddie Wintrob, who is a great football fan — Toronto, of course, for that is where she lives. Jane MacTavish works marionettes and likes skating along with almost everything else. Anne Gilbert loves knights, and took her Easter holiday to go to Florida; she also broke two records in high jumping last year. Then comes Laragh Neelin who is very good in arithmetic. Judy Toller is second last. She loves almost every sport there is. Last, but not least, is Miss MacCallum who helped the form through the journey of 1952 and 1953.

The Golden Rule Club

This year, the Golden Rule Club has 45 members. We are supporting two little girls. Their names are Mira Manoguerra of Italy, and Marie-Therese Gilly of France. Last Christmas we sent parcels to the two little girls. In February we sent \$25 to the Flood Relief Fund. Also, we made a contribution to the Save the Children Fund. We have had four concerts during the year. In the winter, we had a skating party. Since September, we have been knitting squares for an afghan.

JEAN GARVOCK,
President

The Play House

We were playing in the play house, when a bear came and ate my brother up. I told my mother. She came out and said, "Oh, Oh."

SARAH GARVOCK,
Form II B

Tom, the Lazy Cat

One day, Tom was sleeping under the stove. He was having a wonderful dream. He was dreaming he was trying to catch mice in the cellar. Suddenly the door slammed. In came Mrs. Parker. "Get out, you lazy cat," and she pushed him out the door. My, how sad Tom was! It was raining out. My, what a very unpleasant day, thought Tom. If I was just sleeping under the stove, thought Tom. In a few minutes he was crying at the door. My, how he wanted to go in! Mrs. Parker looked out the window. There, right in front of her was the rain pouring. She let poor Tom in. She had to dry him. And after this she said that she would never let him out again in the rain.

MARY JANE REYNOLDS,
Form III

If I Had a Magic Carpet

If I had a magic carpet, I would like to go to the farthest part of Florida. I would fly near the surface of the ocean and watch all the demons and monsters of the sea. I would carefully watch until I saw an oyster bed. I would say to the magic carpet, "Down". It would swoop down under the water, and, covering me with its folds, go wherever I wished. I would order it to go down to the oysters and I would examine them for pearls. Then I would climb back on the carpet folds and I would sail on the bottom, always hoping to find a sunken treasure.

DOROTHY WHEELER,
Form L IV B

The Easter Rabbit

Once upon a time there was a rabbit who wanted to be an Easter rabbit and he asked everyone he saw if they knew how to be an Easter bunny, but nobody knew how. So he went home feeling very sad, and on the way home he met a fairy dancing on a leaf. He asked her if she knew how he could be an Easter bunny. She said, "Why yes, if you will promise to be a happy one". So he started that very minute and now he has grown up to be that happy Easter rabbit that comes to your house every year.

WENDY CROMAR,
Form II A

Long Ago

Long, long ago when strange creatures roamed around Canada fighting and killing each other, there was one little human-like monkey, or vice versa, and his name was Booby. Booby was walking down the little village where more of them lived when a huge pack of strange birds with teeth swooped down and caught up some of the little men and women. Then someone shouted, "The monster birds have come again!" and all the people went rushing all over the place in panic. Then the birds soon left them and flew away.

Years later when Booby was very old and the monster birds had killed most of the villagers, he and the men that were left started to think of a plan to get rid of the monster birds. Suddenly Booby jumped and said, "I know how to get rid of the monster birds", and he whispered his plan to the men.

Later one morning when the monster birds came and lighted on the ground and started their hunt, they all stood still for on the ground was the "lastest" flypaper of their days. While they were stuck, the men went and killed them and peace came to the village at last.

LILIAS AHEARN,
Form L IV B

Through the Woods

One day I was on my way through the woods and I came upon a fairy tree. All of a sudden I heard sweet music. Some fairy dancers came dancing out of their hiding place behind a leaf. I watched from behind a tree for at least an hour, and then I began to get tired because the sweet lullaby of the dancing fairies made me sleepy.

JUDY REID,
Form II A

Cities

Toronto is so very big,
Ottawa so small,
Both of them together
Would look like Montreal!

FREDDIE WINTROB,
Form IV C

The Lost Lamb

Eily and Shauneen were two little Irish twins. Their father was a shepherd and when he died they had to look after the sheep. One day they were watching them and they fell asleep. When they awoke and counted the sheep they were all there except one. They hunted all over the place for that one, but they could not find it. As they were going home they met a man carrying a lame sheep. "Is this your sheep?" asked the man. "Yes, it is," cried Eily and they took the sheep and went home.

HARRIET NYE,
Form III

Spring

I think Spring is nice:
The flowers are budding,
The rivers are flooding,
The big trees are growing,
The South wind starts blowing;
That is why I think Spring is nice.

SUSAN SOUTHAM,
Form IV C

The Ghost

One spooky, spooky night,
In a big old house,
A ghost emerged from under the bed
As quietly as a mouse.
He went to the old, old lady
And to her he said, "Poff!"
He frightened her so very much
That her antique wig blew off!

JANE MACTAVISH
Form 4C

Said the Frog to the Snail

One day, as walking down the street,
A little snail a frog did meet;
He said, "Hello" with a tip of his hat,
And then, "Will you marry me?" just like that.
The snail replied, "Yes, truly, I will"
And then they were married in a church
on the hill.

DOROTHY WHEELER,
Form L IV B

A Rainy Day

One day as I sat by the window and watched the raindrops falling, I heard a tiny cry from outdoors. Wondering who was crying I noticed a rain-drop on the window pane looking very sad. I asked him why he looked so sad; his reply was, "Nobody likes me. They all think rain is horrible because they cannot play outdoors or go to a picnic. Nobody likes me", and with this the raindrop burst into tears again. Then after a few seconds of tears the raindrop said, "You know, your vegetables and fruits would dry up if you didn't have rain and all the lakes would be empty. Why does everybody hate me?" I now realized how important rain was. When I looked back where the raindrop stood, there was nothing

to be seen. All the rest of the day I sat looking at the rain and thinking about what had happened.

SEDDON RYAN,
Form L IV B

Spring

All the trees are blooming
With small green leaves,
All the birds are singing
In the warm Spring breeze.

The brooks are full of bubbles,
The sun is getting hot,
The woods are gay with flowers;
I like Spring a lot.

JANE MAC TAVISH,
Form 4C

Exchanges

Arta Ridleana—
Ridley College, St. Catharines
The Ashburian—
Ashbury College, Ottawa
Balmoral Hall Magazine—
Winnipeg
The Beaver Log—
Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,
Montreal
Bishop's College School Magazine—
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville
Bishop Strachan School Magazine—
Bishop Strachan School, Toronto
The Blue and White—
Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay,
N.B.
The Branksome Slogan—
Branksome Hall, Toronto
Buckingham Country Day School Magazine—
Cambridge, Mass.
Edgehill Review—
Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.
Hatfield Hall Magazine—
Hatfield Hall, Cobourg
Inter Muros—
St. Clement's School, Toronto

King's Hall Magazine—
King's Hall, Compton
Lower Canada College Magazine—
Lower Canada College, Montreal
Ludemus—
Havergal College, Toronto
The Notre Dame—
Notre Dame Convent, Kingston
Olla Podrida—
Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.
Ovenden Chronicle—
Ovenden School, Barrie
Pibroch—
Strathallan School, Hamilton
The Record—
Trinity College School, Port Hope
St. Andrew's College Review—
St. Andrew's College, Aurora
The Study Chronicle—
The Study, Montreal
The Tallow Dip—
Netherwood, Rothsay, N.B.
Trafalgar Echoes—
Trafalgar, Montreal
Trinity University Review—
University of Toronto, Toronto

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September 11—School re-opened.
 October 11—Long week-end.
 October 16—Miss Halliday spoke on the Red Feather.
 October 23—Miss Stitley spoke on Bennington College.
 October 27—Mrs. Maguire spoke on Katherine Gibbs.
 October 31—Hallowe'en Parties.
 November 4—Archdeacon Hepburn spoke on Poppy Day.
 November 7—Bazaar for Save the Children Fund.
 November 11—Remembrance Day Service.
 November 14—Long week-end.
 December 8—Examinations began.
 December 14—Mrs. Graham's Tea.
 December 16—School Christmas Party.
 House Collections.
 December 17—Intermediate Play.
 December 18—Carol Service—School closed for Christmas.
 January 7—School re-opened.
 January 29—Free Day.
 February 3—Basketball team played Lisgar.
 February 5—House Plays.

February 6—Mont Tremblant Week-end.
 February 13—Elmwood Formal.
 February 27—Ashbury-Elmwood Play.
 February 28—Basketball team played Carleton.
 March 5—Basketball team played Y.W.C.A.
 March 13—Gym. Display.
 March 16—Shivaram danced.
 March 21—Square Dance.
 March 29—Confirmation Service.
 March 31—Senior Dramatics.
 April 1—Easter Holidays began.
 April 16—School re-opened.
 April 24—Badminton finals.
 May 8—Senior-Intermediate baseball.
 May 15—Public Speaking Contest and long week-end.
 May 26—Final Examinations began.
 June 2—Coronation on Television.
 June 5—Sports Day.
 June 8—School closed for Summer Holiday.
 June 9—Departmental Examinations began.

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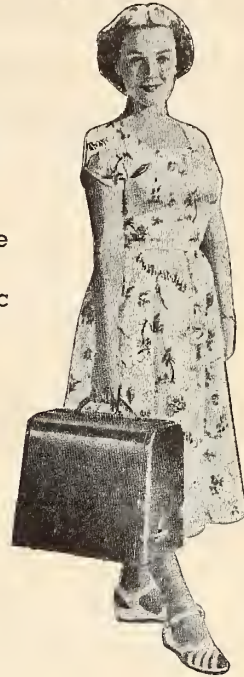
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